## THE NATION'S DEAD.

E come to the gates of the city,
By thousands we crowd and come
To the gates of that strange, mute city
Where all the dwellers are dumb,
Nor hear the sound of the bugle-blast
Nor call of the rolling drum.

So still they lie in their dreaming,
The hearts that were wont to beat
Ready to rise and answer—
To hurry on eager feet,
By day or night-time, in rain or sun,
Through valley, or field, or street;

Ready to meet the summons,
Ready to come or go:
To march in the scorching heat and dust,
Or halt in the blinding snow:
To spring half awake, from dreams of home,
To the sabre-thrust of the foe;

Ready to yield, not strength alone,
And the hand's keen, willing art,
But all of the sweet, full life God gave—
Not only a tithe or part,
But *all* to their duty,
Asking body, and brain, and heart.

What memories throng as we pause and stand
Where flowers on these graves are thrown,
While all about us the sunlight streams
And the breath of the May is blown
From warm, green valleys whose ripened grass
In drifted swaths is mown.

What dreams come to us. . . . Ah! far away
Is the martial clang and tread—
Far, far, is the sound of the clashing steel,
Of the charge, in mad triumph led:
The pain, the passion, the tumult wild—
For these are the peaceful dead.

Their flags are folded, or idly float
To the sweet caress of the wind—
The flags that pressed through the bullet-storm,
While a million of souls behind
Followed steadfast and faltered not,
Like the thought of one mighty mind.

What dreams comes to us. . . . What heart-deep prayers;
Yet the tender tears we shed
By these grassy mounds, where the heroes sleep
With the blue sky overhead,
Are so bright with blessing, so touched with light,
They might answer for smiles instead.

We dream of the soldier brave. . . . But we dream
Of the *men*, who were loved and dear:
Of the unkissed kisses, the vows unkept,
The passionate, homesick tear:
The human yearning, the whispered prayer
That no one but God could hear;

Of tired sleepers, with boyish brows,
Dew-drenched in the starlit air:
Of blotted letters, and true-love rings,
And the pictures of women fair
Hidden close in those stalwart breasts
With a lover's jealous care.

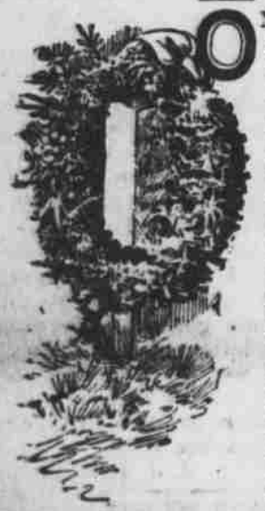
Our hearts beat fast with the beating drum,
Swell high with the music's strain,
For love, that is ever life's theme of song,
The sweeter through loss and pain—
For love, that lasts over strife and war,
While the years and the ages wane.

Bring flowers—for the world is abloom,
Like a garden grown anew;
There are willing hands at the tender toil,
There are hearts long tried and true,
And flowers enough for the boys in gray
As well as the boys in blue.

The task is ended—the twilight falls,
The sounds of the day decrease;
Yet not with the silence of shout and song
Can the palms of our glory cease;
We have strewn the breasts of our noble dead
With the blossoms of lasting peace.
—Madeline S. Bridges, in Leslie's Illustrated Weekly.

## GOD NEVER FORGETS.

### The Story of One Decoration Day and What It Brought.



ONE bright evening among the last days of May, 1852, there came to Farmer Gibbons' door, seeking shelter for the night, a consumptive-looking man and his little seven-year-old son. The good farmer had never been known to turn a hungry stranger from the door, hence the warmest corner in the cozy kitchen was given up to the wayfarers and Mother Gibbons brought out her most dainty knick-knacks to tempt the appetite of the sick man. That they were no ordinary tramps their scrupulously-clean, well-mended though threadbare garments testified. The man told a sad story of an old home in Pennsylvania which had been forsaken for the rolling prairies of the great West; of the misfortunes that had robbed him of his small estate and swept his wife and children into the grave. After five years of helpless struggling in the new country he was going back to die among his own kindred and leave his little Jack in the care of his own people.

In the morning the family was aroused by the cries of the child who understood enough to know that the white, stiff form by his side was lifeless.

"Poor papa is dead," he sobbed, as Mr. Gibbons and his wife came hurrying down-stairs. The boy was right—the stranger had died alone and unattended while they slept.

A coffin was provided at the expense of the township, and the next morning a few of the neighbors followed the humble dead to a grave in a quiet corner in the church-yard.

Before the day was over Mr. Gibbons wrote to an uncle whose address little Jack was able to give, but it was weeks before a reply came, and then the only satisfaction obtained was: "I have a family of my own to support, and can not take the lad into my house. Bind him out or send him to the almshouse until he is old enough to support himself."

The boy grieved over his uncle's heartless command, until the kind farmer and his good wife agreed to give him a home among their own noisy boys and girls.

The neighbors shook their heads wisely, doubting the wisdom of the step, but when they remonstrated with Mr. Gibbons and pointed out the danger of trusting to one of whose ancestors he knew nothing, he replied: "I am only doing for this strange lad what I would wish others to do for my boys, were they cast friendless upon the world."

"If we do our duty we can trust consequences with God," added the motherly voice of his wife, who had chanced to overhear the conversation.

The years passed on and Jack became a real farmer's boy—toiling in the fields in the fruitful season and tramping across the woods to school in the winter.

"Jack Shepherd is a good boy, and well worth the raising," his benefactor would say, proudly, whenever the boy's capabilities were called in question.

When the news of the fall of Fort Sumter was flashed over the North that sad April day in 1861, Farmer Gibbons could scarcely be persuaded that he was too old a man to shoulder a musket and march to the defense of his country, and when it was told him that his oldest boy had headed the list of volunteers, he said, with tears streaming down his sunburnt cheeks: "God bless you, Dan. You would be no son of mine if you tried to skirk from duty now."

The next day a letter from George, the student, came, telling that he, too, had donned the blue. "I could not help it, father. All the students are volunteering," he wrote.

"Never mind, mother," said the farmer, at sight of his wife's wet eyes. "We gave them to God when they were babes, and if He chooses to use them in helping to save the country, His will be done."

Jack's patriotic heart would have tempted him to follow the example of Dan and George, but Mr. Gibbons said: "Wait a bit and see how times go. Old men like me and slips of boys like you are not worth much on long marches, so for the present we had better stay at

"POOR PAPA IS DEAD."

home and raise something upon which to feed our soldiers."

Jack listened quietly, and then without a word went back to the plow he had left standing in the furrow.

A year passed away, and with it poor Jack's bright hopes of the future.

A hundred dollars that Mr. Gibbons had placed in the desk in the room adjoining his disappeared mysteriously, and circumstances pointed suspiciously towards him as the thief. Though obedient and tractable, the boy was high-spirited, and resented, as base, any insinuations that called his honesty in question. His indignant denial would have had much weight with the conscientious farmer had not Ben, the Gibbons' baby, asserted boldly that he had seen Jack "fooling 'round the desk more than once."

In the eyes of the parents this proof was conclusive, besides it accounted for the many petty thefts that, in the last few months, had sorely puzzled the worthy couple. The soul of honor himself, Mr. Gibbons would not tolerate any departure from rectitude, especially in one for whom he had done so much.

The result of the trouble was that Jack packed up what few things he needed for a change, and went out from the home where his happiest days had been spent.

"God will not forget your kindness to a poor, friendless orphan," he said, as he took mother Gibbons' hand at parting.

Going directly to a recruiting office, he enlisted in a Michigan regiment, and in less than twenty-four hours he was on his way to Tennessee, where General Halleck was just then laying siege to Corinth. In spite of his youth and consumptive tendencies Jack made a good soldier and came out of the bloody conflict without his fair name being tarnished.

Instead of returning to the home that had sheltered his boyhood, he went West and settled upon a claim, taking up his lonely life as a rightful heritage.

Not so kindly did the four years of warfare deal with the poor old farmer's lads, for when the boys in blue came marching home, not one of the stalwart sons who had gone forth to battle walked in the ranks. George and Ben had come home in pine coffins many days before, while Dan was left sleeping beneath the bright Southern skies.

After Jack had gone away Ben gained his father's consent to become a soldier, but before a year had passed he sickened and died, but not until he had taken upon himself the theft that had sent the orphan boy alone into the world.

More than a score of years afterwards an irresistible desire to look upon the faces of the friends of his youth sent Jack back to catch a glimpse of the old familiar walks. It was on the 30th of May that he arrived, and the little town was gay with flowers and banners. Joining in the processson that was wending its way to the cemetery he passed quietly to the grave of his father, now marked by a marble slab. In the same row, a little to the east, he read the

"GOD WILL NOT FORGET YOUR KINDNESS."

names of George and Ben Gibbons, and an old veteran who was scattering flowers on the graves of the brothers informed him that Dan closed his life in a Southern prison and that the two daughters of the same household had died within a week of each other, leaving the old folks childless and almost penniless. Waiting to hear no more, Jack hastened to the old farm-house, and without making himself known listened to the pitiful story of the old people, who upon the morrow would be turned out of the house where all their wedded life had been spent. "We gave our boys all to our country, but now we are forgotten both by God and man," murmured the old man.

"Father, God never forgets," said the good wife, tenderly. "Don't you remember poor Jack's last words— 'God will not forget your kindness to a poor orphan boy?'"

"Ah! but did I not send the poor lad away for a crime our own boy committed? God is punishing us for this sin, Mary, and to-morrow night we will sleep in a pauper's bed."

"God never forgets," said the stranger, and then came the most joyful moment of his life, when he was able to reveal himself to them and assure them that the boy whom they had saved from the almshouse had come back just in time to render them a like service.

Jack did not leave them again, except for a few days to arrange his business in the West, and bring back the money to save the old home from the auctioneer's hammer. "God did not forget them," and after many days the bread which they had cast upon the waters came back to them.—Belle V. Chisholm, in Christian Inquirer.

### Some Popular Superstitions.

One will not be required to go abroad to find superstitious preventives of disease and remedies for it. The writer has simply called to his aid the women who happened to be in his home as he writes this paper for instances of such antidotes with which they are familiar. One avers that if an onion be stolen from a grocery store, rubbed on a wart and then buried where no one can find it, the wart will go away. Another, an elderly lady of intelligence, declares that she was once induced to kill a striped snake and then bite through its skin in the hope that thus her teeth would be preserved from decay. The same lady says she knew a man who lived on Cape Cod, that was persuaded by a colored physician to bind a live toad on his eyes, and so long as the toad lived wear it to cure blindness. The girl in the kitchen solemnly affirms that she knew a girl near her home, away down East, who "caught tree-toads and allowed them to hop from a tumbler down her throat to cure a consumption; when the cold weather came on and the girl could not find the toads, she died."—Dr. J. W. Hamilton, in Chautauquan.

## DECORATION DAY.

The old earth to the sunbeams said:
"Come, let us hasten with the flowers;
Give me," she breathed, "your kindling kiss:
Give me your strength," she prayed the showers.

"Call the rhodora from the swamp,
Call the azalea sweet as musk,
Call lilies that from burdened hearts
Their fragrance pour along the dusk.

"And call from all my secret cells
The blushes of the perfect rose,
For I would heap my heroes' graves
Full soon with every bud that blows!"

Then said the sunbeams and the showers:
"In morning glow, in midnight dew,
Though clothed with grass, though heaped with bloom,
Though tenting skies be gray or blue,

"Yet while on each white marble there
The sacred letters shine like flame,
The grave no other garland needs
Whose headstone bears a hero's name!"
—Harper's Bazar.

## MINE-OWNERS GROWING RICH.

**Facts From the Mines and Lack of Facts Before the Ways and Means Committee—The Uselessness of Protection on Iron Ore—How the People Are Enriching a Few Men—Like the Daughters of the Horse-Leech They Cry, "Give, Give!"**

It is always instructive to compare the condition of any industry as brought out in the trade journal and daily papers with its condition as represented before the Ways and Means Committee at Washington.

The latest case in point is that of the iron mining industry. Facts have lately come to light which show that the owners of iron mines are piling up immense fortunes. The Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette, which is a paper in full sympathy with the high protectionists, printed recently the following piece of news: "The earnings of some of the Lake Superior iron ore companies have been something phenomenal during the past few months. One company with a capital stock of $500,000 is reported to have cleared in fifteen months over $700,000, or considerable more than the entire capital. Stock at the par value of $25 has gone up until it is held at $175 a share, which is not at all strange when the earning capacity of the company is considered."

Here is an increase of 600 per cent. in the value of the property of men who say they need protection still for their infant industry, and that they can not compete with the ores of far-away Spain. What cost them one dollar to buy is now worth seven dollars; and every dollar they put into the property now yields $1.12 a year.

One would think that men who reap such profits would be able to protect their own labor instead of asking Congress to pass laws to protect it. They patiently gather up the statistics of the wages paid to miners in Spain and carry these figures to Mr. McKinley's committee to prove that the American miner needs protection from the distant Spaniard. The men who make these great profits out of their iron miners told Mr. McKinley that they were "decidedly in favor of building up our own country."

Of course they are! Who would not be in favor of building up his own country when that country gives him laws which enable him to make more than one hundred per cent. on his money?

But these iron mines in the Northwest are not entirely "domestic industries." It is said that about one-fourth of their product is taken from mines owned by a body of capitalists in Berlin, Germany, called the Schlesinger syndicate. These shrewd Germans have seen that the Americans are a peculiar people who tax themselves in order that their mine owners may have a soft snap and grow rich, and so they determined to have a finger in the pie too and get some of the good things that we are passing around every year under the delusion that it all goes to "American labor." The Germans saw their chance, formed a syndicate and bought up a number of these mines; and they, too, are growing rich under the beautiful system of protection to infant industries.

Another company which is reaping enormous profits out of iron mines is the Metropolitan Iron and Land Company of Michigan, a large part of the stock of which is owned in Massachusetts. In January a dividend of twenty-six per cent. was paid by this company; on April 20 a further dividend of twelve per cent was paid; and in addition to this a stock dividend of twenty-five per cent. was declared at the same time. That is to say, instead of paying out the full dividend in money, the stock of each stockholder was increased by twenty-five per cent. Future dividends will, of course, be calculated upon the basis of the stock thus watered; and the dividends which are paid will, by this watering process, be disguised in such a way that the people will, not be able to see at once what vast profits they are helping these mine-owners to make. The stockholders pay in not one cent of extra money, and yet they will receive dividends hereafter upon one-fourth more of stock than they paid for. That is one way to diguise from the people the effect of the high protection they continue to vote to these mine-owners.

If we sum up now the dividends paid out by this company, including the stock dividend, we get a total of thirteen per cent. The shares of the company command an enormous premium. The par value is $25, and the last sale which is known was for $85. But so far as is known there have been no recent sales. People who have such a good thing, and a public so ready to tax itself for their benefit, do not readily part with their property. They have the best Bessemer ore in the country—this ore being what is used in producing steel. The demand for the ores of this company is so great that the larger part of the product for this year is already sold in advance.

And who is it that is paying the money to enrich these ore companies?

The consumer, of course.

The steel manufacturer buys the ore and when he sells the finished steel the cost for the ore must be covered, and a handsome profit must be kept by him for manufacturing the steel. The steel is then made into a thousand forms of machinery, many of which find their way to the farm, many to the work-shop; but wherever they go they carry with them the increased price originally put on the ore at the mines by the working of our tariff laws. It is the same old story over again of the enrichment of the few at the expense of the many. The blessings of nature fall into the hands of the rich, and we proceed to make these blessings greater by adding the blessing of protection. As if the strong were not sufficiently strong already, we sap the strength of the weak in order to make the strong still stronger. There is not a plow, a harrow, or a harvester, or a threshing machine, or any other farm machinery, into which iron or steel enters, that does not take out of the farmer's pocket the protected mine-owner's and steel-maker's per cent.; and as ten thousand springs and brooks make one great river, so the contributions of ten thousand farmers and other consumers find their way into the great stream of dividends which flows into the pockets of iron and steel companies.

In view of the great profits of the mine-owners, it was thought by many that the duty of 75 cents a ton on ore ought to be removed. The manufacturers of New England particularly were anxious to have this done, and petitioned the committee to that effect. The iron industries of New England have for several years been in a languishing condition. The freight charges on ores from interior points have been such as to render business unprofitable, and many establishments have closed up, or removed away to more favored localities.

The manufacturers of New England think that if they could get free ore, and free coal for their furnaces, they could hold their own and not be crowded to the wall. About three hundred manufacturers of New England, engaged in the various forms of manufacture which use iron, united in a petition to the Ways and Means Committee asking to have free ore and coal. It is needless to say that the petition was not granted.

It is interesting to compare the reports of great profits in iron mining just described with the statements made by the mine-owners and others before the Ways and Means Committee. Three men took what they called "a broader view of the question" than that taken by New England, and one of their number kept saying they wanted to be alone. Mr. George H. Ely, of Cleveland, O., who is president of the Western Iron Ore Association, was before the committee to oppose any reduction of the duty on iron ore. Although this gentleman confessed that he had been in the business for thirty years, it was found impossible to get him to make any definite statement of the cost of mining a ton of iron ore, or of the cost of labor per ton. It was found equally impossible to get at the value of ore lands. One fact of interest, however, was brought out. It was admitted that the freight from Marquette, Mich., had fallen from $3 a ton twelve years ago to $1.25 a ton last year. This is a saving of $1.75 a ton.

Now, if the mine-owners could operate their mines twelve years ago at a profit, paying $3 a ton for freight, how much greater must those profits be to-day, with freight at $1.25 a ton? Again, as the owners of mines have saved $1.75 a ton on their ore, how much would they suffer now by removing the duty of 75 cents a ton.

It was further shown before the committee—but this time by an Eastern man who wants free iron ores—that the duty of 75 cents a ton would not pay the railroad freight on imported ores to a point more than 100 miles west of New York, and that the free foreign ores could, therefore, in no case compete with the Western ores.

Mr. Ely said that he did not want things too cheap; and the great profits of the Western companies, already referred to, show that the Michigan mine owners have nothing to complain of on that score.

### Free Sugar and a Bounty.

The action of the McKinley committee in putting raw sugar on the free list is to be highly commended. When this results in cheaper sugar for the millions, as it certainly will, the users of sugar will be asked to decide whether the tariff is a tax; and if they find that it is a tax, they may see that a tariff is a good thing—good to get rid of as fast as possible. This is the kind of education that not only saves money to the consumer, but also prepares him for intelligent views and wise action in the future. A most valuable part of the education will come from the bounty which the bill gives to the sugar-growers. The bill provides that the growers shall receive from the United States treasury two cents a pound on all the sugar they produce. This will lift from the treasury each year the neat little sum of seven million dollars, and a still larger sum as the bounty-fed sugar-growers multiply in number and add to their acres. When the people see this sum flowing out of the treasury every year to pay the sugar-growers for doing their own work, they will begin to see that it is all a huge piece of folly. If the sugar-grower is to be paid by the Government, why not the corn-growers also, and the wheat-growers and the cotton-growers? Then why not pay everybody for doing his own work?

But that would be a piece of gigantic socialism such as few intelligent men are ready to saction. Besides bankrupting the treasury it would bankrupt the self-reliant American character. It is a good doctrine that every man should depend on his own strong arm, rather than lean on the strong arm of the Government.

Every system of bounties and every form of protection tells a man to rely on the Government rather than on himself. And there is socialism.

—Taxpayers can derive one consolation from the McKinley Tariff bill and that is dandelion root is not taxed.